

THE COUNTY PAPER.

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SEPARATION.

JEROME F. O'DONNELL.

Dear, tender hands! that somewhere on God's

earth

Seem cold and empty, barred from clasp of

mine:

O hands that would have clung to me in death

Of other help—my hands have need of thee

Strong hands! that would have helped me in my

need,

That never would have thrust me careless

by:

Kind hands! I know that many a loving deed

Would cheer my weary day, were you but

nigh.

Sometimes I dream, dear hands, that once

again

The magic of your touch may thrill my

heart:

The joy of meeting exercise my pain:

Even though again our lonely paths should

part.

No more! Would not the clasp of hands un-

lock

The silent portals of the lips, and words—

Passionate words, so long repressed—then

lock

To speech—as breaks the dawn with song

and birds!

Ah, dear! I could not bear it. Sundered wide

Our paths still lie. Why should we try to

reach

Across the gulf; why let the pent-up tide

Of silent years break forth in useless speech?

And so, I pray, dear hands, that touch of thine

Shall ever, before sweet Death's triumph

hour,

With soft across touch cheek or hand of mine

Until I lie too cold for passion's power.

Then once, just once, dear hands, when mine

are cold.

And sit not at your coming, gently take

The frozen fingers in your living hold.

An instant, clasp them for the old thro's

sake.

THE GUARDIAN'S TROUBLE.

—If only Dorothy might like Biddle-

ford—

And Martin Lorford paced his library

back and forth peevishly, his white-sleeved

hands thrust behind him now and

again, the supple fingers twirling rest-

lessly one over the other, a curious

brunch of wrinkles gathered on his un-

usually placid brow.

"I'll be hanged if I like to coerce

the child, it seems a heartless, soulless

way to provide for her—marrying her

to a man double her own age, because

of his bank account and a ponderous

greatness, with antiquated sideboards,

whose carved legs are a score of years

older than Dorothy."

"Girls at Dorothy's age never know

particularly what they want," said

Martin Lorford's old friend, adviser

and housekeeper, Jane Bowles, turning

the heel of the gray stocking she had

knitted on every night for ten years, at

least, so it seemed to the master of the

"Crofts," doubtless because Mrs.

Bowles, a woman of about thirty, since

there was no giving out to it.

At the age of eighteen, Dorothy Lyne

stood as much in need of sober counsel

and staid wisdom as many another

young woman; but Dorothy had a way

of thinking her own thoughts and form-

ing ideas which were extremely queer by

some. Even good Mrs. Bowles, the

only mother Dorothy had ever known,

called her strange, "a regular heretic,

unlike most girls, who are addled headed

until twenty, but generally settle down

after that as solemn and proper as pos-

sible."

Dorothy, left very early by her father

And tender-hearted Dorothy went

that night and cried softly on the house-

keeper's pillow as she slept, smoothing

out the lint white locks—white long be-

fore they should have been, in the natu-

ral course of thinking of how she

should have died in such a case at

once.

Jane's buoyant spirit had indeed been

quite killed; she was never to be the

same, but we cannot die when we wish

and we must go on for our allotted time,

drinking tea and wearing cotton gowns,

as she would say.

She had fallen into a way of looking

for trouble beforehand—after the man-

ner of many good people, walking over

the clover and primroses of life, search-

ing out thistles and wormwood, grow-

ing of-times in out-of-the-way places.

The idea of a mistress at the

"Crofts," was one which had, on very

many occasions, woefully disturbed

Jane, and brought a great number of

forbodings and apprehensions. She

was willing and ready to go back to the

untenanted house at Stoneboro, any

day; she had been there all her life, and

the house for a great many years had

died there, and it was no doubt the

proper thing that she should follow

her respectable example. No; Mrs.

Bowles, out of the bounty of the Lor-

forths with whom she had passed the

greater part of her life, enjoyed a little

competency which would save her from

dependence any time; it was not for

herself she felt a dread of the change

she foresaw; there was Dorothy.

It was high time Dorothy thought of

securing a home for herself. She would

never stand the ways of such a woman

as Martin Lorford would fancy—

never!

Thinking all this, and making a

dreary deal out of very little, Jane

went into the library with her yarn and

gray stocking to get at the truth, or to

force Martin to say in what way he

meant to dispose of his ward, as, of

course, no one could doubt this right,

save perhaps Dorothy herself, who was

headstrong enough, but who was not

to have very little thought as to her fu-

ture.

Mrs. Bowles had spoken strongly in

favor of the richest man in the country

around, the more aptly because he had

dined at the "Crofts,"—quite by acci-

dent—very often of late, and appeared

greatly impressed with Miss Lyne, who

pleased the housekeeper charmingly.

Hiram Biddleford was not so old as

to ask me to marry him.

"Meaning—me?"

"Meaning just you."

"Oh, Dorothy!"

Presently, when Dorothy had smoothed

her collar, and recovered her breath—

"It was cruel of you to force me to

say things, but I was afraid you would

marry me on in spite of myself, next."

"And you think you can learn to

love me, Dorothy? O, if, if you should

not!"

Dorothy declared it no great hardship,

since she had thrived wonderfully on it.

Which meant that she had learned

ever so long ago.

Another disappearance—the shiny

hair by this time quite in a tangle.

Martin went with a radiant, albeit

ashamed face, to Jane, who let fall a

"bunch of stitches, and fell into a great

laugh, and a sobriety painful to com-

plains in one of her eyes.

"Don't call names, Jane, because it

is me," said Dorothy, putting her head

down on the lavender ribbons, in her

caressing way.

endyke, flushing with another dis-

covery. "I've got it now! Of course

we've got to leave twice!" and Mrs.

Spoondyke settled herself back and

regarded the table with much com-

placency.

"Oh, you've got it," roared Spoop-

ondyke. "This railroad is twin!

Leaves everyone twice and gets

everywhere twice! Nobody would

have even found it out but you! All

you want now is a misplaced switch

and a coroner's inquest to be a through

train line! Can't you see that's two

different trains that get in here at 7:40?

Spoore they only run one train on this

dog-gasted road? Got a notion that

the train goes both ways at the same

time? I know all about this as well

as you do, but what I want to under-

stand is how this train leaves Buffalo

"Crofts," and how it gets to Buffalo

again? Got it now? Think you've

fathomed my design on this time-

table?"

Perhaps there are two different

trains out of Buffalo," hazarded Mrs.

Spoondyke.

Mr. Spoondyke deliberately tore

the time-table into a thousand pieces,

dropped them carefully under the seat

and buried his hands in his pockets and

gazed out of the window.

"I don't care," soliloquized Mrs.

Spoondyke. There can't be two trains

arriving anywhere, without leaving

somewhere, anyhow, and I suppose

we'd get to Chicago just as well if

we didn't understand about this Buf-

alo affair."

With which consoling reflection,

Mrs. Spoondyke settled herself in her

seat and gave herself up to con-

sidering how that girl on the other side

of the aisle would act if she knew how

much her laughing provoked any more

of her sort offended the more vir-

tuous-minded of her sex.

Rat Catching.

A professional rat catcher was re-

cently interviewed in New York with

the following result:

"How do you clear a house of rats?"

"If the house has a soft cellar floor

I can get the rats out, but I can't keep

them out. If it has a hard foundation,

I hunt out all the holes leading from

the sewers and stop them up with seal-

ing and cement. Then I dig up every

corner of the house and get every rat

from getting in and those in the house

from escaping. You see a rat is always

on the move. He is never still, but

goes from the sewer to the house and

back again very often. Having made

the cellar tight, I find the run-

ways by which the rats go from

one floor to another. These are gen-

erally along lead pipes in the walls. A

rat will run up a lead pipe as easy as

you can walk along the floor. You can

see the marks of their feet on the run-

way and I grease the outside. Now

I nail a small square piece of tin over

the runway and I grease the outside.

Now I dig up the rats and they

slip down when he comes to it.

"If I can't get at the runways I find

the holes, and fix this wire door on it.

You see, it is made of four pieces of

short wire laid parallel, held together

by crossbars, and sharpened at the

ends. This is suspended at the top

of the hole by a wire, so that these

four bars can be lifted up and get

through, but he can't go back, as the

gate falls and the sharp points prevent

him from coming back. Now I make a

rat gate and the rats will all

be in the cellar. I then take a

And then Mr. Fairburn changed the

subject to the preceding Sunday's ser-

mon, and wanted to know if his friend

really thought that Nebuchadnezzar ate

grass or whether the grass might not

have been a figure of speech for dough-

nuts.

Nothing Wicked in Stocks.

Wall St. News.

One of the good deacons, of which

the state of Massachusetts boasts

entered the office of a Boston broker a

few days ago and explained:

"You see some of the members of

our congregation have been dealing in

futures and stocks, and so on, and

part of us regard it as very wicked,

and part of us think it no sin. I have

appointed a sort of delegate to come

down and investigate, and see where

in the evil lies. Will you please ex-

plain."

"Certainly—certainly. Suppose,

now, you contract to deliver 20,000

bushels of July wheat at \$1.15 per

bushel."

"Yes."

"When the day of delivery comes

when is worth only \$1.10 per bushel,

you therefore clear 15 cents per bush-

el, or \$3,000 on the transaction."

"Why, I see no sin in that."

"Of course not. You take the \$3,-

000 and buy 100,000 pounds of cotton

at nine cents. On the day of delivery